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The Test Tells—

"There's a Reason"

THE MAN AND THE MIRACLE

By ALLISON BURR.

"Neil, I've invited Wilbur Kirk and his mother for the week end." Mrs. Ames gave her niece a sidewise glance.

"Dear Aunt Lucy, I wish I could make you see how impossible it is for me to like Wilbur Kirk in the way you want me to like him."

"And I wish I could make you see that he is far superior to any young man who has paid you marked attention since you came out last fall."

"But, auntie, even if I saw all the superiority that you seem to see in him, it would make no difference. It will be something more human than plain superiority that will win my heart."

Mrs. Ames shook her well-waved and tightly-netted gray head as Neil started down the boardwalk toward the post office with a handful of letters to mail.

As Neil came out of the little frame post office she caught the tickling sound of Hawaiian stringed instruments playing a lilting melody that was nothing to her restless mind. Following the sound, she went through the boardwalk and found the musicians were situated in the center of a large refreshment pavilion which she often patronized.

The bustling manager found Neil at a small table where she had a glimpse of the *inner front*. With the music over in her head she sat for a moment dreamily listening to the music and watching the frothy little white cups taking out after another to the water's edge. She had quite forgotten about ordering anything until she heard a question that a man had passed right duty beside her table.

Without looking up she gave a nervous glance at the menu card and replied: "Do you still serve that delicious peach miracle?"

"I beg your pardon," said a man's full-toned voice, and, looking up she saw, not a writer, as she had so perturbed, but a much-tanned young gentleman.

He was in a blue serge suit that covered a well-proportioned figure six feet in height. It was Neil's turn to beg pardon now, and she did it in a state of pretty embarrassment.

"This seems to be the only seat left," said the young man, indicating the vacant chair at Neil's small table. "Have you any objection to my occupying it?"

"Not at all," said Neil, and she sat stoically to save the menu card.

Suddenly a ball of maddening pink ice cream tumbled from a tray and went rolling across the table straight for Neil's lap. When it was on the very edge of the table the surprised hand of the tall young man opposite shot across the table and grabbed it easily. While the perturbed waiters replaced the cloth, Neil and the young man laid aside reserve and laughed gaily about the awkward incident.

"A moment ago I asked you whether you served peach miracle," said Neil, "but you've made it very evident now that you can even stop a nutcracker already in progress."

"It's our pink stuff 'peach miracle,'" he added.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Ames efforably, and Wilbur wondered why Neil turned suddenly to the window just then and gazed outside. He would have wondered even more if he had heard her sentimentally murmuring something about "another miracle."

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my rescue," she said sweetly. "And I shall not forget you," he said. Her eyes fell before the wistfulness in his and she withdrew her hand and left the place without either of them speaking another word.

When she reached her aunt's cottage Mrs. Ames was enthusiastic over a telephone call just received from Wilbur Kirk saying that he and his mother would motor out that evening instead of waiting until Saturday morning.

"There they are!" exclaimed Mrs. Ames later as a car drew up at the curb.

"I'm afraid we're dreadfully late," said Mrs. Kirk, when they were all inside the drawing room, "but we stopped at the hotel for a little ride with my nephew, Jack Ainslee, who is just in from South America. Jack insisted upon being a missing engineer instead of a minister or lawyer, as I wanted him to be, and when I see his fine physique and his tremendous mindness, I'm glad he had his way about it. By the way, Mrs. Ames, I've asked him to call tomorrow."

"So glad you did," said Mrs. Ames efforably, and Wilbur wondered why

Neil turned suddenly to the window just then and gazed outside. He would have wondered even more if he had heard her sentimentally murmuring something about "another miracle."

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mother to the babies. How he wished he dared propose to her that they adopt a child! He secretly had wanted it for some time, but Mary—well, he feared Mary wouldn't care much about any child that wasn't her own. Many a time he had tried to talk about it with her, but somehow the words stuck in his throat.

How little we sometimes know of the thoughts and visions of those nearest and dearest to us! While Silas was sitting smoking his lonely pipe that summer evening Mary was rocking the twins to sleep, one against each arm, looking and feeling very motherly and happy. As the chair swayed back and forth, and she sang softly a little lullaby, she was thinking of her own childhoodness and the rift it was making in her life.

She reflected that undoubtedly Silas didn't care so much "being a man" and that he didn't appreciate how she longed for a little baby to love and do for. It seemed to herself just couldn't go on any longer without one. If she only would be willing for me to take care and keep it!" she thought. "But, then, I suppose he couldn't enjoy having

a child around that wasn't his own. I can't blame him."

As she rocked and sang and looked at the sleeping babies, an idea popped into her head, so daring that it almost made her heart stop beating. Suppose they were to adopt the twins! Poor little things! They were good stock and related to them, and it would be a mercy now the mother was gone. But twins! Silas would never consent!

Mary's idea took root, however, and grew rapidly. The next day she discontinued her efforts to find a housekeeper and waited for Silas, who was in town over in the afternoon and so if she was ready to go home. When she came, she somewhat timidly suggested that, as she had been unable to find a respectable person, they should take the babies home with them for a week or so, while she looked around at her leisure.

Silas, somewhat astonished, and admiring her for her self-sacrifice, agreed to the proposition, only cautioning her not to fatigue herself. And his interest in the twins grew every minute.

As the days passed Mary seemed

very busy in her home, and Silas observed that she was not exerting herself to find the much-talked-of-housekeeper. He was secretly delighted, for the babies were winding themselves around his heart. Often and often he watched Mary as she tended them, and the same thoughts that were in her mind grew up in his. He would like to keep the twins! But what would Mary think?

One evening, after the babies had been put to bed, Silas and Mary were sitting on their porch, a little busily, of a neighbor ran in for a chat. Finally, the visitor, who was nothing if not frank, suddenly chirped up: "Suppose you know everybody says you're going to adopt these young ones. I told my husband I just didn't believe it, and when I came over here I was going to ask you outright. It ain't so, is it?"

There was silence for a moment, then Mary spoke, rather tremblingly at first but gathering courage as she went on. "Yes, we're about decided.

I have wanted for a long time to take a child, and this seems a special opportunity, being relatives and all—if the father is willing."

She glanced timidly at her husband, but she could scarcely see his face in the gathering darkness. What would he say or do? Had she risked too much? Her heart seemed to stand still. At last he spoke.

"Sure we're going to keep them. We intended that, right along, after their mother died. But things like that can't be decided offhand."

The gossiping neighbor hurried away

to spread the news, and the husband and wife sat alone on the porch. After a little, Silas rose and went around to Mary's chair and took her hand gently in his. She lifted her face to his, and he kissed her. Careless had not been as frequent as usual with them of late.

Meantime, the neighbor, having stopped in at the next house, was saying:

"Well, it's good it's twins. They can each have one to fuss over."

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Robins Travel by Train.

When a boxcar was pulled into this city the other day for repairs it was found that a robin had built her nest under the car and had hatched three young ones.

When the car was pushed on the repair track the mother bird flew around greatly excited and could not be driven away. The men searched the car and found the nest. They put the nest in a small box, cut a hole in it and nailed it to a post.

The mother bird took possession immediately and is feeding her young numerous times daily.—Vancouver Times.

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Quick Benediction.

"It's too hot for preaching," said the Billings brother, "and I don't want to shuck my coat for fear some of you hard-shell sinners may think I'm going to knock the cussedness out of you. So make a break for the door, or through the windows, so just go home peaceable, whilst we are singing of the hymn: 'There's a hotter one a-comin' by'!"

Milk as a Stimulant.

Scientists of the Pasteur Institute have discovered that cow's milk is one of the most powerful stimulants known. It keeps up the human system without interfering with common sense and clear judgment. Milk has been the only "booster" used frequently by the French soldiers in the French and it is said that a liberal use of it before going into battle has had such wonderful effect that the French government is urging its sale in preference to other soft drinks when men are off duty.

MRS. MAY'S LETTER TO WOMEN

More Proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Relieves Suffering.

Chicago, Ill.—I suffered from a case of female ills.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended and I took about six bottles.

It fixed me up all right. The common symptoms of such a condition—pain when walking, irritation, bearing down, pains and headache, nervousness and disordered digestion soon passed away.

I look much better now than I did before, and I recommend the Compound every time for female troubles, as it did for me all it is claimed to do. You have my permission to publish this letter.

Mrs. J. May, 3648 S. Lincoln St., Chicago, Ill.

If you have any of the symptoms mentioned in Mrs. May's letter, remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for her, and try it yourself. It is a good old-fashioned medicine, made from roots and herbs, and it has helped countless numbers of women.

If you need special advice, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

THE TWINS

By FANNY GRAY.

Silas Stone sat eating his solitary supper, which the hired girl had set before him. His wife, Mary, had driven over to the next town to stay a day or two and help settle up the affairs of a cousin who had died the week before, leaving twin babies, six months old. Her husband had always been a shiftless man, and seemed, of course, less resolute in his hour of grief than ever before.

Silas was not enjoying his supper. He and Mary were very fond of each other, and seldom had cause to be separated, and he missed her. They had been married ten years and had no children, which was a great disappointment to both of them. Now that it seemed likely that they would always have to bear the joys of parenthood, they seldom spoke of it.

So, as Silas rose from the table, and took his pipe out on the steps while supper was being cleared away, he was thinking a little bitterly of the kind fate that had bestowed twins upon a couple who couldn't provide and then leave the mother.

He wondered how Mary was making out, and he pictured her playing

of the most interesting features of this year's State Fair. At the same time, the educational influence thus yielded will confer a distinct benefit upon three hundred boys and girls of the State.

All necessary plans and arrangements have been concluded by the Fair management in co-operation with the State Agricultural & Mechanical College and the U. S. Department of Agriculture. It is stated that no detail will be lacking to insure the complete success of this movement.

W. H. Stratton, secretary of the State Fair of Texas, announced recently that three hundred scholarships in his encampment would be available—two hundred for boys and one hundred for girls and that the scholarships would be awarded upon a competitive basis to the boys of the Boys' Agricultural Clubs and the girls of the Girls' Camping Clubs, who make the best records in their club work during 1916. Secretary Stratton also stated that these scholarships would give the successful contestants an entire week at the Fair with all expenses paid, and that he would be glad to send a descriptive booklet concerning the Encampment to any boy or girl who would like to enter the competition.

—W. H. Stratton, Secretary.

The minister Educational Encampment for Texas Farm Boys and Girls, to be held in connection with the 1916 State Fair of Texas, October 14 to 29, will undoubtedly prove to be one



W. H. Stratton, Secretary.

Health



Happiness

and happiness are bound by a strong band of security when S. S. S. is permitted to assist nature in restoring strength and vigor to the over-worked and poisoned blood, with its strengthening vegetable qualities.